

Shooting Stars

by Becchan

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Summary: A real-world fic centering on Mimi and Sora's friendship.
Beware: Symbolism abounds.

Shooting Stars

A/N: GUESS WHAT!!!! I'm thirteen now!!! It's my birthday, right now, it just turned midnight!! This is my celebration fic! I am now a teenager! *attempts to shove her messy red hair out of her face*
grrr... NEwayz:

> AN that has a point: Take place after the digiworld. Ages are:

> Joe: 15 Sora, Matt, Tai: 14 Izzy, Mimi: 13 TK, Kari: 12
 sorta weird for a BIRTHDAY fic but o well

>
 ~~~~~_And so it begins..._~~~~~

>
 I sighed happily and leaned back on the warm roof tiles of my best friend's house. This was the life. Great family, great summer, great friends. Especially Sora. Ever since our big adventures in the digiworld, she has been my best fiend. Matt is great, of course, but I can talk to Sora about things I couldn't talk to him about. You know what I mean.

>
 That night I was spending the night at Sora's. At the moment, we were sitting/laying on her roof, watching the stars, now and then pointing out constellations and such. There was a perfect crescent moon, and the stars seemed to be shining extra brightly just for us.

>
 Suddenly, Sora gasped and pointed. "Mimi! Look!"

>
 I followed her finger. It lead to the most beautiful shooting star I had ever seen. "Wow, that's so pretty..."

>
 She grinned. "Make a wish!"

>
 I nodded and closed my eyes. _Starlight, starbright, shooting star I see tonight, I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight. I wish... I wish that I'll never lose my friends. I wish we could be together forever.

>
 _There was a few minute of silence, then I spoke up. "So, what'd ya wish for, Sora?"

>
 She poked a finger at me, smiling. "Ah, ah, ah! If I tell you

then if won't come true! We don't want THAT to happen, do we?" she pouted. I couldn't help but laugh.

>
 She grinned some more. "All right, if you insist! I wished that you and Matt would get in a huge fight so I could make a move on him without you getting mad!" Sora teased.

>
 I giggled. "In THAT case, I wished that YOU would get sick and die so I could make a move on Tai!" We both laughed, for I knew she had no romantic interest whatsoever in Matt, and same with me and Tai. But then, she stopped laughing, and turned to me, her expression serious.

>
 "Mimi, you have to promise me something!"

>
 "Sure, you know I'd do anything for you! What is it?"

>
 She stared at me long and hard. "Mimi, when I die, I want you to help with the funeral. I want you to do my hair, makeup, and clothes!"

>
 I looked at her weird. How could she be thinking about THAT at a time like THIS? We were all still kids! "Sora..."

>
 "Promise me!"

>
 "Okay, Sora-chan... I promise..." As much as I hated this topic, I hooked pinkies with here and smiled weakly. I knew I wouldn't have to keep this promise for a long time, if I was still around to keep it when I needed to!

>
 "Thanks, Mimi-chan," said Sora, and drifted off to sleep.

>
 A month later she was dead.

>
 The next few day were a blur. I remember sitting in the hospital, the doctor's sad face. I remember Matt's comforting arms. I remember Tai's tear-streaked cheeks and red eyes. But most of what I remember is crying. Just crying.

>
 A week later, we were all gathered at the funeral home. I had excused myself from the ceremony, unable to take the grief, or the faraway, hurt look in Mrs. Takenouchi's and Tai's eyes. I was wandering the halls, when I saw her, laying on a stretcher.

>
 I didn't recognize her at first, she looked horrible! Not in a gruesome or violent pretense, but she didn't look like Sora! She had bright red lipstick, as compared to her usual pale pink. Her shoulder-length hair was CURLED, for heaven's sake! And that DRESS! Ugh! It was ALL pink!

>
 I took in all this information, then raced back to the main hall, and nearly ran into Sora's mom.

>
 "Mimi!" she gasped. "I was coming to look for you, they're about to start the ceremony!"

>
 "NO!" I said. "Stop them!"

>
 She was obviously confused. "Excuse me?"

>
 "It's all wrong! SHE'S all wrong! Please, let me fix her!"

>
 "Mimi? What are you saying?"

>
 "It's Sora! She's not herself! She doesn't look like herself! They made her look all wrong! Please, let me fix it, I promised I would!"

> I begged.

> "Well, okay Mimi. I'll stop the minister, and you fix Sora, okay" She smiled sadly at me.

>
 "Okay. Be back in a tick!" I raced out the door and ran to Sora's house, thankful it was nearby. I fished the key out from under the flower pot, unlocked the door, and ran up to Sora's room. Grabbing the nescesary items from her dresser and closet, and sprinted back to the funeral home.

>
 Fifteen minutes later, I stepped back and admired my work. Yes, this was Sora. Her red hair was straightened, flipping out only slightly at her shoulders. He face was flawless, with green eye makeup and pale pink lip gloss. She wore a lime green tank top and

flares with an embroidered row of flowers at the hem. For a finishing touch, I gently placed the Crest of Love around her neck.

>
 Perfect.

>
 A week later, I went to visit my friend. I couldn't sleep, and she usually helped me. Trudging up the cemetery hill, I wasn't all too surprised to see Tai already sitting there.

>
 "Hey, Tai," I said, sitting down next to him.

>
 "Hiya Mimi." He smiled weakly at me. He'd been crying. Again.

>
 "You okay?"

>
 He sighed. "Not really. But I'll live." Tai winced at the last phrase, then turned his eyes back to the tombstone. What did the doctor say it was again?"

>
 "Systemic lupus eryth... something... Some weird heart disease or something. He was surprised it had never been noticed before, that it wasn't known that she had it." I stroked one of the many flowers that surrounded her grave, this particular one a rose.

>
 "D'ya think she remembers us?"

>
 I laughed sadly. "Of course! What's to forget? After all we'd been through, battles fought, worlds saved... promises made... would it be possible to forget?"

>
 "I guess you're right." As he said this, a huge wind sprang up. I shielded my eyes with my hand. and it stopped almost as soon as it started.

>
 "Oh, my Lord..." I heard Tai murmur. He touched my hand, which was still on the rose. But now, hooked around the stem was the Crest of Love. I gasped and drew it slowly into my hand. Tai put a hand under my chin and guided my face upward. Streaking across the sky was the most beautiful shooting star I'd ever seen.

>
 ~fin~

>
 A/N: weeeeeiiird... *hides under digi-rock* don't hurt me! NEway, now for some useless info! I noticed today that the number of fanfics on digimon here at ffn has more than tripled since I first came here in um March? April? (There was 17 pages... o.O) NEway, I'm not gonna tie up your lives any longer, but please

coughdon'tflamemepleaseIknowthishasnopointcough review!! Sayanora! ~Me

>

> ack... it's 2 o'clock AM.... time sure flies when you're having writer's block..

>

>

>

>

>

End
file.